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T. G. NEWMAN, EDITOR.

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THE LAW.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

We build our future thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not—
Yet so the universe is wrought.

Thought is another name for fate.
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait—
For love brings love and hate brings hate.

Mind is the master of its sphere:
Be calm, be steadfast and sincere;
Fear is the only king to fear.

Let the God in thee rise and say
To adverse circumstance—Obey!
And thy dear wish shall have its way.

BORDERLAND

Preaches while Asleep.

The "sleeping preacher" of Saluda county, S. C., is attracting a great deal of attention. He lives a dozen miles from a railroad, and never leaves the immediate vicinity of his home, so is known to few outside that county, but men of undaunted integrity vouch for the phenomenon. "Major" Perry is a mulatto, forty-five years old. Both he and his wife are illiterate. When a young man, he says, he felt a call to preach, but disregarded it. He seldom goes to church, and is not religiously inclined.

About ten years ago, his wife says, Perry began to preach in his sleep. Sermons became more frequent until he now preaches five or six times a week. Perry goes to bed about 8 o'clock, and within a half hour begins to preach. He first announces his text, chapter, verse or verses in the Bible correctly, after which he reads the text, always just as it is in the book. He then "lines" out, sings a hymn, and prays, after which the sermon begins.

Perry's sermon is grammatical and logical, and takes from forty-five minutes to one hour in delivery. Sometimes during the delivery of the sermon the muscles of the body, especially the arms and neck, contract, producing a cataleptic condition. This stops the sermon. The attack lasts a minute or two and are driven away by his wife, who strokes with her hands the parts affected. When the tendency to catalepsy is banished he resumes his discourse, beginning exactly where he left off, even though it was in the middle of a sentence.

A Lion's Memory.

Sir George Davis was once English Consul at Naples. In order to avoid the plague which raged at Naples, he retired to Florence, at which place, while one day visiting the menagerie of the Grand Duke, he noticed a lion at the further end of one of the dens. Though the keepers had for three years made unusual efforts to tame this creature, they had utterly failed. Yet no sooner had

Sir George approached the gate of the den, than the lion ran to it, reared himself up, purred like a cat when pleased, and licked the hand which was put through the bars. The keeper was astonished, and begged his visitor not to trust the lion, since he had proven himself the most fierce and sullen of his tribe he had ever met.

But Sir George, nothing daunted, insisted upon entering the den. Upon his entry, the lion showed the greatest delight, threw his paws upon his shoulders, licked his face, ran about him, and purred like an affectionate cat.

This occurrence was much talked of in Florence, and finally reached the ears of the Grand Duke, who requested an interview with Sir George in the menagerie, where he might himself witness the strange conduct of the lion. Upon this occasion, Sir George explained that the captain of a ship from Barbary had some years before given him a present of a young lion, which he had raised. He had been allowed to run about the house and grounds until too large for that sort of conduct, and had then been confined in a den built for his use in the courtyard. When about five years of age, while playing, he had gripped a man a little too hard and caused some injury. Upon this, Sir George ordered him shot; but a friend begged him for a present instead, and took him away. How it happened, Sir George did not know, but the same lion had become the property of the Grand Duke.

"Ah," said the Grand Duke, "your friend was the same person who presented this lion to me."

And during all those long years, the lion had not forgotten the kindness which his former master had lavished upon him; nor, indeed, had he forgotten his master!

Causes of Dreams.

The mystery of dreams has been studied by the Paris Institute of Psychology, and after two years of research Professor H. H. Bergson, who had charge of the investigation, is about to make his report. The psychologists interviewed thousands of persons and compiled data relating to their dreams.

In his report discussing the result of the investigations, Professor Bergson said:

"In a dream I perceive objects, and there is nothing there. I see people; I believe I am speaking to them and hear them answer me. There is no person, and I hear nothing. It all happens as if real things, real persons were there; then when I awake all has disappeared, people and things. What does it mean?"

"But, first, is it really true that there was nothing there? Is there not a certain sensible matter present in our eyes, to our ears, to our touch during sleep as well as during our waking moments? Close your eyes and pay careful attention to what passes in your field of vision. Many people say that nothing happens. But little by little you can distinguish many things; at first only a black depth, then points of light upon it which come and go, rise and fall; or sometimes a thousand colors appear and play in whirls of lustre. This is the principal material of which our dreams are fabricated.

"Again, the ear also has certain interior sensations difficult to isolate and perceive while awake, but which detach themselves clearly during the slumber. Sometime, too, we hear while sleeping, the sounds of the exterior world, the crackling of the fire, the rain which strikes the window, the wind playing upon its gamut up the chimney. These

are converted into conversations, songs, cries, music, and the like, as the case may be.

"As to touch, people often dream that they are floating through space. Now, if you analyze this dream you will have no difficulty in tracing the workings of your mind in producing it. Your mind was aware of the fact that you were not touching the ground. Since it did not think you were asleep, it did not take the bed into consideration, hence, naturally, it concluded that you were floating in the air. Whenever you dream that you are flying you feel yourself working with one side, and this side you will invariably find coincides with that which experiences the real sensation which the bed gives your body. This sensation of pressure dissociated from its cause becomes sensation, pure and simple, and joined to the delusion of floating in space gives rise to the dream.

"Of more consequence than any tactile sensations, properly speaking, are those which are connected with that we sometimes term inferior touch, profound sensations emanating from all points of the organism, and particularly from the viscera. One can not imagine to what degree of fineness and acuteness they attain during sleep. They exist, no doubt, while we are awake, but then we are distracted by practical actions; we live an external life. Grave maladies have sometimes been foreseen by dreams. They had in fact already begun when dreamed of. Great physicians have shown how certain sorts of dreams are connected with the different parts of the body, with affections of the digestive, the respiratory, or the circulative apparatus.

"I repeat what I have said; when we sleep a natural sleep our senses are not closed to all impressions. They exert themselves with less precision, it is true, than when we are awake, but actively nevertheless, and embrace a multitude of subjective impressions which pass unnoticed at other times. These confused impressions are the materials of our dreams.

"They are not, however, the only requisite for our dreams. Suppose the dreamer sees black lines upon a white surface. They might represent to him the pages of a book or the facade of a house, or a quantity of other things. What is it that determines his choice of an object for it to represent? Memory. The power which converts into definite objects the vague impressions received in sleep from the eyes, ears, and touch from all the interior surface of the body is memory. While awake we often have recollections which appear and disappear, occupying the mind successively. These are always such connected with the present moment, the present situation, the present occupation. There are other numberless recollections, however, which my memory has constructed in its most obscure depths, and which are in a state of invisible phantoms. They, too, aspire, perhaps, after the light, but never attempt to mount thither.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, the Inspired Poet, WHO HAS CHARMED THE WORLD.

"Now, suppose that I arrive at a moment when I am disinterested, neutral; that, in fact, I am asleep. These recollections, thinking that their opportunity to come to light has come, rush madly for the door in a vast multitude. But all can not pass. They are too numerous. Which will succeed in doing so? A moment ago when I was awake the memories which were perceived were those which were connected with the present situation, with that which I saw and heard about me. Well, in sleep, too, I am surrounded by the vaguest possible sensations, and among the souvenir phantoms only those will succeed in rising to the surface which can assimilate themselves with the dim, indistinct colored visions that are present to my slumbering eyes, with the exterior and interior noises that I hear and the sensations of touch which I feel.

"When this juncture is effected between memory and sensation, I dream. Sensation is warm, colorful, vibrant. Memory is complete, but it is without life and wishes to realize, actualize itself. They are drawn to each other, the souvenir phantom becoming incarnated in the sensation, thus develops into a being which will live its own peculiar life, a dream.

"So the birth of a dream is nothing mysterious. It resembles the birth of all our perceptions. The mechanism of a dream is the same in its grand outlines as that of normal perceptions. When we perceive real objects there is little in our actual perceptions, the sensible material of our perceptions into which our memory has not been introduced. The perception is a composite on one side, of the real impressions made on the organs of sense, and on the other of the memories which have been associated with the impression and which profit by its present vitality to come again themselves to life."
—Tacoma News.

Our Startling Progress.

DR. PAUL EDWARDS.

The golden fleece is not yet ours. We seek it, we have seen it, we must possess it—it is Health, perpetuity of Health. In this important acquisition we are not opposed by science or justice, but by the intolerance, bigotry, and egotism of the medical profession.

The law of Health, of life, and death, is locked up in the archives of Mind, and we are forbidden to search for this law, even within our own preserves and premises. May justice stay the hand of opposition! The world is ablaze with progress in every cause, yet *mind* is forbidden by law to heal itself; not that *mind* is incapable of good, or capable of harm, but that we must not trespass upon the preserves of medicine, even with a truer and better system of healing our sick ones. But, after all, this is progress; ignorance only embellishes wisdom, and persecution stimulates justice. Yet these conditions are severe on pioneers. Galileo asserted the revolution of the earth and became a martyr because of his persecution by the Church. Harvey asserted the circulation of the blood, and was ostracized by society; Fulton and Stevenson, the founders of steam navigation, were declared crazy; while at the present day many mental investigators and healers of the sick are laughed to scorn, and even arraigned in Courts of Justice (?). So it was with Christianity. By persecuting the saints in Jerusalem the Pharisees caused them to scatter over Europe, Africa, and Asia, thereby propagating their sect in all the earth.

Mental Science, like all other innovations, must scale the walls of ignorance and opposition, and lay Truth at the feet of Mankind. Denials and sneers must be made stepping stones in the march of mind to its assault upon ignorance. Doc-

tors and their medicines are the only ones injured by the coming light, for they well know that the crucible of Truth ordains their doom.

Fright, fear, and temerity are employed by doctors to keep the people in ignorant bondage; they have prepared their *Materia Medica* and swear by its infallibility, when, in fact, it is chaos—supreme chaos. The physical and mental vigor of man is weakened by every drug he consumes, and Voltaire once exclaimed: "Why place a drug you know little of into a stomach you know nothing of?" Many philosophers of equal caliber with Voltaire think the same—some of the best minds of the age are engaged in exposing the errors of mental therapeutics, while others are telling of the mighty capacity of Mind as a Healing power. How long, oh! how long, are we yet to serve in these bonds?

The ethics of doctors forbid them to investigate, and they secure the passage of laws to imprison others who dare assert Truths.

"He who can not reason is a fool;
He who will not is a bigot;
He who dare not is a slave."

—Mental Advocate.

Encouragement.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work
and Strive,
Through the valley of Persevere;
And the man who succeeds, while others
fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

What our Hands Reveal.

W. J. COLVILLE.

The Conical or Artistic hand is graceful in outline and decorated with handsome filbert-shaped nails. The cone-shaped fingers of the designer are easily recognized, and in this type we see displayed the peculiarities of those who are dowered with large imagination, and can therefore excel in producing romantic stories as well as in embellishing all they touch.

The Psychic or ultra-idealistic type of hand is long, slender, with tapering fingers, and long, narrow nails. Some delineators, including "Cheiro," have called this type of hand most beautiful but very unfortunate, but its unfortunateness pertains only to the fact that its possessor is usually so very sensitive that unless she or he is guarded with exceptional care during childhood, and is permitted to live an unusually sheltered life after having reached maturity, contact with the rough elements of the common world is too severe a shock to so extremely delicate an organism. This variety of hand is found with "mediumistic" people who have seen visions and been the subject of extraordinary guidances and warnings from the earliest days they can remember. Psychometers, clairvoyants, clairaudients, and, indeed, "psychics" or sensitives in general, when adapted to private but not public exercise of their gifts, are found with this variety of hand.

We are often asked whether it is possible to predict coming events from the hand, and to this question we must give a somewhat reserved reply. The past is imprinted as writing on a scroll, but this gradually disappears as the present makes its later impress. The near past and the immediate present are clearly legible. The psychic or sensitive who is far more than simply a "palmist," is often guided either by intuition or clairvoyance to perceive what is already taking place on the prior plane of subjective psychical activity, and must subsequently appear ultimated on the exterior plane

of physical objectivity. Ideas, thoughts, mental habits, and unseen influences in general, take precedent action to those external results which come upon us unawares only when we have been paying exclusive heed to terrestrial phenomena. Prediction is simply FOREWORD, if we translate literally, and it is given to all those whose sight is keener than ordinary to pierce the veil to some extent, and behold the oncoming event, which is as yet veiled behind the screen which hides the entire realm of causation from those whose perceptions are quickened only to the observance of what already appears on the outermost surface of existence.

It is not alone the shape, size, and markings of our hands which the chirologist is capable of reading, for very much can also be told from texture and skin. Very soft, flabby hands, regardless of special type, always indicate irresoluteness of will, and are generally indications of a low tone of vitality. Hot, dry hands denote irritability of temper and lack of self-control, which is the chief cause of worry and nervous perturbation at large. Cold, clammy hands denote a fishy disposition, and are always accompaniments of a selfish or unduly shut-in nature. Such hands usually indicate sluggish circulation of the blood, a rather feeble pulse, and general lack of executive ability. The crudest dispositions are revealed by small hands with coarse skin, ugly nails, and forbidding hirsute appendages. The finest constitutions, coupled with the loveliest dispositions, are displayed when the hands are moderately large, firm, and vigorous, but adorned with exquisitely-shaped nails, and covered with naturally velvet-like skin.—Two Worlds.

Uses of Discipline.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

On every hand are illustrations of how the fires of life pour down on devoted souls; how the crushing blows of outward circumstances squeeze together in closer concentration, driving out all but the purified atoms which belong thus closely together.

It does not seem to those who are on the forge, under the hammer, that it is kind, wise, or for any good purpose whatever that all this suffering comes; suffering of soul; agony of mental distress, only they who have felt and known can understand. It is cruel advice, or may seem so, to say a development into steel is the quality which must be uppermost; is the quality sought for and brought out in this fierce and harsh training.

The Damascus blade is the sword of all swords for defense and offense. The untempered swords of the ancients are not to be named within the same hour or day with this flash of fiery steel. Seek only the best. Again and again is this inculcated in your Record of Ancient Wisdom.

They who endure in resistance, maintaining the single thought "I am I," and however the white hot fiery focus may touch them; however the conditions have been confused, if this idea can be held of the continued over-mastery; the ego-ship; then the happenings, no matter how overwhelming or terrible in aspect, will become to us simply a part of the machinery to perfect purification, the solidifying and closer unity of the individual soul belonging to the ego. Thus would its capacity for union with the Universal Soul increase.

Hold fast to the knowledge of the higher self that belongs to each of you. The Divine Monad has condescended to descend into matter and seek for itself, without the consent of the intellectual and physical, this very purification and separation of the outer. That which the physical may shrink from, the incarnated ego may eagerly seek. In all cases, the incarnating ego will accomplish as it

seeks, without any regard to the suffering, or the acts of the present physical, which is simply here for its use and behoof.

Let the conscious resistance of the soul force and spirit dominance seeking always the Infinite Light, dwell and abide with you.—World's Advance Thought.

The Inharmonious Soul.

H. G. GUILD.

There are millions of miserable people in this world—miserable both in mind and body—and in every case they are authors of their own misfortune.

Let us analyze, for example, the being who is constantly scolding about everybody and everything, as an individual he is cross, touchy, crabbed and unhappy, and looks upon existence as a sort of servitude in an unenclosed penitentiary; himself a convict, who is serving out a sentence pronounced by an anthropomorphic deity because of the ancient transgressions of Adam and Eve. In such a heterogeneous condition of mind, where conflicting thoughts make his brain a bedlam of discordant impulses, he is at once out of tune with everybody and everything, himself, of course, included. With him the sun is either too hot, or not hot enough; the weather is never to his liking; his neighbors are mean, stingy and unsocial; his dog and cat flee from him as they would from the proverbial bad boy armed with a sling-shot; his aura is completely filled with pessimism of the rankest kind, and in his fault-finding frame of mind there is no person, however angelic he or she may be in truth, but is full of deceit and blemish from the standpoint of our brother, the miserable man. It is, indeed, a terrible thing to be out of tune with oneself. Out of tune with oneself is out of tune with the universe.

Now the law of the universe is understood and administered by wiser beings than man as we know him. Consequently we see only regularity and harmony in the movements of the earth body and the solar system. If discord ruled those systems but for a moment we could easily imagine such a precipitation of evil as would annihilate all created things; creation itself being a result of order and harmony. Order is said to be "Heaven's first law." If order, then harmony, because we can not conceive of one expression without the other. Now, as man is a microcosm of the Macrocosm, it follows that in order to rule his universe, which is made up of millions of individual and intelligent molecules, he must at once get in touch with the harmonious law which governs the larger systems of which he is but an epitome. Bear in mind in considering this question, that there is but One Life, and that all else are only manifestations of it. The law is Love. It is the antithesis of hate, fault-finding, discord, and uncharity. The man who does not understand how to rule his universe is a victim of his own ignorance. He is unsuspecting of the law of being; he doesn't know the power of thought in his kingdom, for good or bad; he has no conception of the "Builders and Destroyers"; to him the law of duality in nature is a myth or has never been suspected; he has studied effects, when he should have studied causes; he may have imbibed the doctrine of separateness when he should have conceded the principle of unity; he has hated when he should have loved with the Universal Love which is the peace that "passeth all understanding"; he has been individual in his thought, when he should have been altruistic; he has doubted when he should have trusted, his intuitions of right; in short, he has sent out wrong and unharmonious thoughts, one after another, until in fact his microcosm has been devastated by anarchy and treason; and rebellion against his Higher Self has made his kingdom a play ground for the legion of

"Destroyers"—a tangled web of perverted thought, separating his lower nature from his divine self, until it is small wonder that he sees no good in any one or anything. Shrouded in the fog of his own ignorance and conceit, he has simply spun around and around in his tub in the mill-pond of non-progress. But he is not lost. Let him turn about and "Seek the child-like state which he has lost." Let him lift his eyes toward the shining gates of the "New Jerusalem" and seek by interior communion to reach the divine law of harmony, and thereby be transformed "into a new creature."

Every Ego is the author of his own destiny. As he thinks and acts so depends his weal or woe. Learn to "Love thy neighbor as thyself," work unselfishly for others; trust, have faith; do good; develop your intuitional self, remembering, as Christ truly said; "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Think good thoughts. Exclude by practice of concentration of mind the evil pictures that are almost constantly being thrown upon the mirror of the brain by the "shadowy hosts"; make your neighbor love you by first loving him. Learn to love, and forget to hate.—*New Age Herald.*

The Ministry of Pain.

J. P. COOKE.

Sweet are the uses of adversity. Let us look at some of the uses of pain. What a cruel thing to contemplate is pain; no philosophy will ever make it to be anything but what it is—a fearful misery and mischief. I need not portray it; we know what it is. We feel it in our bones, grinding them—we feel it throbbing in our nerves, torturing our muscles, making this fine organism of ours a very chamber of torment.

Look over the groaning, sighing earth, go into the sick chamber, stand by the beds of the dying, visit the hospitals, observe the victims of it in asylums, pining, writhing, raving. We feel that pain is due not to Heavenly Goodness, but to the ignorance, stupidity, perverseness, carelessness, recklessness of man. Analyze it piece by piece and you will find somewhere, upon it, the trace of human imbecility or foolishness. If men understood the world they live in, or cared; if they studied its laws and marked its processes, or felt their way into its secrets, if they chose to obey the decrees that are openly promulgated for men's reading—physical suffering would be diminished and the prophecy of the seer of the Apocalypse would be fulfilled: "Neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away." Yet see how sweetly all of it is over-ruled for human felicity.

It is even to this phenomenon of pain we owe the discovery that nature is a vast storehouse of benefit. What has put man upon exploring the earth, the air, the sea, upon diving into the secrets of mineral and vegetable, investigating properties, causes, effects, sunlight, magnetism, what is it but the intense need of it all to alleviate the torment to which our physical life is exposed? The discovery of elixirs, balsams, the healing juices of herbs, is due to the necessity that they should be discovered that men might not pine and die.

We are learning more every day that this world is fairly saturated with benefit—that there is somewhere a cure for every hurt, a balm for every suffering, a supply for every legitimate want. There is hardly a plant but has its curative

property, its healing zone; even poisons are medicinal.

We know it now, yet we never should have known it but for this stinging goad in our organism. In a thousand ways the healing life is approaching us and urging us to make the world the wholesome place that it was meant to be.

The holy sympathies of the human heart we should have known nothing of but for pain. The wealth of affection, the fountains of tenderness, the sympathy, that relieves suffering, is all due to that. The profession of medicine is the child of pain. Real physicians and healers are ministers of the over-ruling Providence; some of them calling in the virtues of air and water, or the salutary influences of magnetism and electricity, or drawing out the forces of recuperation which are stored in herb or plant or the sunshine. Witness Dr. Babbitt's beautiful labors.

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made." The Psalmist said so. We know it as thoroughly as he did.

Then there comes in this wonder, the anaesthetic agent, by which pain, for the time, is abolished. Through these angels sweet sleep—"the innocent sleep"—comes to the sleepless. The blessed rest to those whose consciousness could only be one of agony. The very moment of torture, when the bones are grinding under the saw, the knives are tearing the flesh, or the pincers are grasping the sensitive nerves, the blood flowing away, at that very instant the heavens are opened, the spirit recedes from the atmosphere of chloroform, leaves the bed of torment and soars away to heaven to dream of life and love and peace until all is over.

And then see how by permission and indulgence of this blessed angel, science goes on, taking advantage of the patient's insensibility to find out new secrets, to dive deeper into the mysteries of creation, and to bring to light more and more of the marvelous beneficence of Heaven.

Thus, hideous as this dispensation of pain is and long will be, widespread as its operation is, and frightful as its effects are in society at large and men and women individually, yet it does justify its place in Providence and help the chorus of grateful praise.

It is now seen to be a kind of blasphemy to assert that Providence intentionally disorganizes and confounds human enterprises; wrecks vessels, causes collisions, burns up cities and vexes men with disasters. If there is one thing of which we are certain it is that His name is but another name for order, harmony, unity, progress, improvement and swift advance towards perfection.

The closer we look into things, the more obviously plain it appears that man is answerable, either directly or indirectly, for every misfortune, loss or disaster.

So with the pain and noble discipline of conscience, the power of distinguishing finely between right and wrong, the perception of purity, the appreciation of goodness, the longing for perfection, the determination to grow more and more in truth and in rectitude, the visions of the fairer ideals hovering before the imagination—all are due to the torment and sting of the hidden pain at the heart which we cannot bear and yet cannot fly from, and which we can neither terminate nor forget.

The saint is the reverse side of

the sinner; and but for the wrestlings of the sinner with his sin, the long and impatient agony with it, the victories of holiness would be unachieved.

St. Augustine became a saint from the sudden and violent reaction against the bosom guilt that tormented him.

Pain is a great angel, as those who have come up out of great tribulation know very well. As Emerson has said: "This universe is run by law, not by luck."

Boston, Mass.

Message and Medium.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I believe that the spirits of our dear ones do return to us, to comfort, guide and cheer. I believe hundreds of well-authenticated instances exist where spirit forms have been seen—in broad light, and in their own likeness. Thousands of instances have occurred where messages have been received from them, and I have no doubt that we are often visited by departed friends, whose presence we vaguely feel, but whom we cannot see or hear.

Since such visitations are our only absolute proof of a future life, I fail to understand why religious people cry out against a belief in spirit return. The Bible is full of such occurrences, and the universe is the same to-day as it was in those historic times.

That such messages have been received I have no doubt. That I myself have received them I am confident.

Some people are endowed with what might be called a spiritual telephone, just as others have mechanical, musical or mathematical genius. But even as the earthly telephone at times is unreliable, and "Central" does not always make the right connections, so these spiritual wires are not always to be relied upon.

I am confident we are all often surrounded by bands of invisible forces, spirits in various phases of developments who are interested in our welfare.

They are God's messengers, sent to cheer and help struggling humanity. Call upon them—believe in them, but believe in your own divine self and in the God of Love, and all will be well with you.

Another New Spirit Book.

TO THE EDITOR:

The work on the third book ("Rending the Veil" and "Beyond the Veil" being the first and second) has already begun by the same spirit band and by the same medium, W. W. Aber. As in the former work, three seances are to be held each week; the one on Tuesday evenings for the benefit of visitors, and those on Sunday and Thursday evenings will be devoted to the work in hand. The first seance was given on the evening of June 24. This was for the benefit of visitors, of whom four were present, and were delighted with the result, one recognizing eight materialized forms.

At a preliminary seance directions were given for the work. A suitable desk for writing, a typewriter and a telegraphic sounder and keynote connected, were provided. On June 29, at the evening seance, long communications were given in manuscript on the typewriter and with the telegraphic apparatus.

This third book will treat on life in the higher spheres, and will supplement the two former works.

All persons desiring to visit these seances will address W. W. Aber, Spring Hill, Kan., for particulars. The work will continue for a number of months. There are many earnest souls yearning for some knowledge of the life beyond, wondering if mortals survive the tomb and can return and hold communion with their friends in mortal life.

All such may have the most indubitable proof of the fact by visiting these seances. There is not, nor can be, the possibility of fraud or deception in these manifestations, for the loved of long ago, whose earthly bodies have moldered into dust, stand face to face with mortals, and are recognized as the long-departed friends. The fact that Job's question has been echoing through the world for thousands of years is evidence of this longing desire for an answer. It comes here directly from the lips of those we know, revealing to us a world of grandeur and beauty for those who love their fellow-men and labor for the good of mankind. They tell us that "Every good act as much or more benefits the doer of the act as the recipient. And you want to remember one other thing: Everything you do that injures your fellow-man is double-headed in the debtor column of your own account with yourself."

Of what incalculable value this would be to those who realized it! Hosts in spirit-life are engaged in endeavors to enlighten the world and lift off the burden of error and superstition that crushes and enslaves mankind.

E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

Eleanor Kirk's Books.

Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life.—This is a volume of 180 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, giving 20 pages of explanation, and, on an average, 10 pages to each sign of the Zodiac, including in each, Mode of Growth, Occupation, Marriage, Virtues, Faults, Diseases, Government of Children, Gems, Astral Colors, etc. It explains the individual to himself, and as it requires the date of the month only, and not the year, is invaluable as a parlor entertainer. Price, \$1.00.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 12, 1902

Mme. Montague has been doing a good work in England, as we notice by the Spiritualist papers in that country. She intends, early in the Autumn, to take an ocean voyage, and will visit Canada and probably the United States before returning to England again.

Mr. W. J. Colville has finished his labors in England, and will take steamship from Liverpool on July 16 for New York. He will spend next Winter on the Pacific Coast, where his many friends will be glad to welcome him.

Unchain the Truth.—Let it be everywhere proclaimed free. Place no restrictions on it, but follow its lead, no matter what may have been your former opinions or theories. None of us have yet found all the truth, no matter what may be our advancement or progress thus far. "Eternal Progression" is the motto of every honest student of Nature and her laws, and what we do not attain to in this physical existence will be heights for us to climb in the spirit-world, where we shall be free from many of the impediments we now find in our way and hinder our present rapid unfoldment.

Generous Deeds are often rewarded by ingratitude. We shall be often disappointed if we look for appreciation. Our reward comes from the consciousness of having done good. Our best deeds are generally misunderstood—seldom meet with just recognition. It was said of Jesus of Nazareth that "he went about doing good"—his reward was crucifixion. To expect gratitude is to be disappointed.

Pure Allegory.

The Adam and Eve story in the Garden of Eden is causing considerable trouble among the college professors and thinking clergymen of the world. The best that many of them can say of it is that it is purely allegorical.

Three candidates for the ministry lately sent up to the Presbyterian Church from the celebrated colleges at Yale and Hartford were refused by that body because they would not assent to the old dogmas concerning Adam and Eve and the serpent as a literal history—and that the "the fall of man" occurred there, from the apple-eating, serpent-beguiling story of antiquity.

In defense of modern research and the progressive thought of the Twentieth Century, the New York *Independent*, a popular and influential church paper, has this to say:

There is not a competent educated professor of biology or geology in the obscurest Presbyterian college in the United States who believes that the Adam and Eve of Genesis were historical characters. One would have to rake all our colleges and universities with a fine-toothed comb to find such a teacher, and very few they would be. The belief, in scientific circles, of such an Adam and Eve is dead, and is no longer considered or discussed. Of course, the doctrine of a literal Adam lingers in popular belief, just as once did the belief in the world made in six literal days; but it is held by those who got their education a generation or two ago, or who never got any education at all. The older men in the presbyteries, especially those who have, for one reason or another, dropped out of the educative stress of pastoral life, have not learned what the colleges now teach; and it is they that oppose their large ignorance to modern knowledge.

The old-fogy clergymen, who belong to the past ages, and who swallowed the monstrous doctrines of "infant damnation" and kindred dogmas without question, are fast passing away. They have been dismissed from college professorships and are not welcomed in modern pulpits, being generally considered "back-numbers." Their places are being rapidly filled by the more thoughtful and progressive. The pews are becoming the "leaders," instead of being blindly led by the pulpits, and demand something more palatable as food than the husks of antiquity which the "oid fossils" have been dealing out to them.

The New Thought has been making rapid strides during the past decade, and has depleted the non-progressive churches, and rejuvenated many others—driving the obsolete dogmas to the rear, or relegating them to the graveyards, to be "buried" with the antiquated "doctors of divinity" whose superstition could not be overcome by the advancing philosophy and research of our times.

All this transformation has been wrought by the progressive teach-

ings and philosophy announced by decarnate spirits, through inspired teachers since the advent of Modern Spiritualism—particularly through the grand inspirations of that unparalleled seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, and the long list of heaven-inspired men and women who have been called to the work of preaching the new gospel during the past half century.

The true gospel is to teach men to live here and now—to raise the standard of humanity—to discover the god within every human being—to show them how to develop their hidden powers—to claim their birthright, and become masters of their own destiny.

An Emancipated Man.

Dr. R. M. Bucke, Superintendent of the London Asylum for the Insane, has in many important items set the world an example. He has demonstrated that kindness, trustfulness and work can do more to aid diseased minds than harsh treatment. After years of experience, the Doctor was an enthusiast for the universal adoption of his plan for the care of the insane.

The following, which Dr. Bucke wrote to his son, who had passed to the spirit-world, as a dedication to his book entitled "Cosmic Consciousness," will show the trend of his mind and his goodness of heart:

To my son, Maurice Andrews Bucke—
DEC. 8, 1900.

DEAR MAURICE: A year ago to-day, in the prime of youth, of health and strength, in an instant, by a terrible and fatal accident, you were removed forever from this world in which your mother and I still live. Of all young men I have known you were the most pure, the most noble, the most honorable, the most tender-hearted. In the business of life you were industrious, honest, faithful, intelligent and entirely trustworthy. How at the time we felt your loss—how we still feel it—I would not set down even if I could. I desire to speak here of my confident hope, not of my pain. I will say that through the experiences which underlie this volume I have been taught, that in spite of death and the grave, although you are beyond the range of our sight and hearing, notwithstanding that the universe of sense testifies to your absence, you are not dead and not really absent, but alive and well and not far from me this moment. If I have been permitted—no, not to enter, but through the narrow aperture of a scarcely opened door, to glance one instant into that other divine world, it was surely that I might thereby be enabled to live through the receipt of those lightning-flashed words from Montana which time burns only deeper and deeper into my brain.

Only a little while now and we will be again together, and with us those other noble and well-beloved souls gone before. I am sure I shall meet you and them, and that you and I shall talk of a thousand things and of that unforgettable day and of all that followed it, and that we shall clearly see that all were parts of an infinite plan which was wholly wise and good. Do you see and approve as I write these words? It may be well. Do you read from within what I am now thinking and feeling? If you do you know how dear to me you were while you yet lived what we call life here, and how much more dear you have become to me since.

Because of the indissoluble links of birth and death wrought by nature and fate between us; because of my love and because of my grief; above all, because of the INFINITE and INEXTINGUISHABLE confidence there is within my heart, I inscribe to you this book, which, full as it is of imperfections which render it unworthy of your acceptance, has nevertheless sprung from the divine assurance born of the deepest insight of the noblest members of our race.

So long! dear boy. YOUR FATHER.

The *Philistine* for April contains this letter, and then the editor remarks as follows:

While the printers were putting the above article into type, word came that Dr. Bucke was dead. There had been a storm of sleet and snow: the trees were laden with their burden of beauty that beamed and sparkled in the bright moonlight. The Doctor had spoken of this beauty to his family, and had stepped out upon the veranda to view it. He slipped and fell, striking on the back of his head, and died almost instantly from concussion of the brain. Painlessly and without warning he passed away, the prime thought of his life filling his heart at the instant—the wonder and beauty of the Universe!

It will not be amiss for me to repeat here what I said at the Roycroft Chapel, two weeks before Dr. Bucke's death, on returning from a visit to him: "Dr. Bucke, the friend, companion and literary executor of Walt Whitman, is the manliest man I ever saw. His face beams with intelligence, animation, honesty, courage, gentleness and good cheer. He radiates life and health. The tenderness and sympathy he shows for those poor people in his charge is god-like, yet his feelings never play him false—he is never maudlin—he does not go down to them: he lifts them up to him."

When a young man, Bucke was caught by a storm in the Rocky Mountains and lost in the snow. When found, his feet were frozen so that circulation had ceased. His companions amputated the feet—anaesthetics being a thousand miles away. For six weeks the stricken man lay in that mountain cabin, tended only by his rough, yet gentle, companions. For the first time in his life he had time to think: "I was born again," he said to me, with a smile, "I was born again; it cost me my feet—yet it was worth the price!"

Few, comparatively, knew of the tragedy of this man's life—the artificial feet—although he did not regard it as a tragedy, and he was averse to mentioning it. He revelled in the blessings of existence, not its disadvantages. And he only mentioned the facts to me to make clear a point in philosophy: we pay for every blessing with a price.

It was Jack Frost that crunched his feet; it was the beauty of the Frost that lured him out of his library the night of his death. Yet, true to his nature, he bore his ancient enemy no grudge. He did not even take the precaution to carry his cane—the ice had been lying in wait for near 50 years—it grappled with him, and he was dead.

I shed no tears on account of the fate of this strong and manly man; he did his work, lived his life, and the Power that upheld and sustained him here will not forsake him there. He was nearly an emancipated man—almost universal. The Power that loaned him to us possibly needs him elsewhere. Earth is poorer for his passing: we are the richer that he lived. He has gone *Somewhere*.

"Romance of the Red Star" is interesting as a novel—being a comprehensive history of man as a spirit here and hereafter. It contains 572 pages, and is substantially bound in cloth. For sale at this office. Price, \$2.50; postage, 20c.

FROM WHENCE I CAME.

From the mysterious deeps of the past
I came,
And up its zigzag paths have roamed
along;
Have heard its thunders and watched
its lurid flame,
And mingled with its upward strug-
gling throng;
Have enjoyed its sunshine, gazed on its
somber clouds,
Its tempests, its calms and devastating
storms;
Have felt the friction of the jostling
crowds,
Also the magic power of Nature's
charms.
Many years have come and flitted by
Since in this drapery I started on the
road
Beneath yon glittering star-gemmed sky
A poor, feeble, dependent child to plod.
The past has furnished many rugged
steeps for me,
And many a truly hard and thorny
path:
On mountain summits I have often
posed quite free,
Though storms raged below in furious
wrath.
I have been rocked in the cradle of
Nature's magic power:
Its lonely grottoes have been at times
my home—
Its caverns, too, have been at times my
bower
Since in material drapery I com-
menced to roam.
With its mixed conglomerate I oft have
gone astray,
And consequently have often suffered
here:
Have drunk its bitter waters by the way;
Still have worked hard aright my bark
to steer.
I said that I belonged to yon primeval
past,
Taking part in each chaotic and prim-
ordial throes,
Which is true, for through each electro-
magnetic blast
This planet was brought to its mystic
birth I trow,
For every form's composed of primate
parts I see,
And the primates have existed in all
the past forever;
Therefore, all came from that past
Infinity,
Nor can they be destroyed—no! oh, no,
never!
M. E. TAYLOR.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

What is Indolence?

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

Indolence is selfishness, pure and simple, in that it is a perfect ex-pression of the vibration that stands in opposition to love—its negative impulse.

The man of heart, of vitality, of generous impulse, is so by virtue of love acting positively, even though he may not possess it as an absolute or self-acting quality—that is, as a superior force or vibration to the animal emotion or generative principle in the human entity. But it indicates that love controls for a positive effect, not having been perverted or made negative or inactive by selfishness or its branches, such as deceit, lust, prejudice, hatred, malice or jealousy.

Now, as love, acting positively, inspires to generosity, charity, benevolence, nobility of thought, honesty, with corresponding effect on the blood and nervous system, selfishness has the reverse effect with corresponding lack of energy, because, as Elmer Gates says: "Bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful products in the body, which are physically injurious. . . These products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretions. . . For each bad emotion there is a correspond- ing chemical change in the tissue of the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. . . Hatred gener-ates an acid in the blood, which reacts for pain. . . Good thoughts and emotions have contrary effects, healthful and exhilarating.
As bad feelings and emotions,

hatred, jealousy, deceit, etc., belong to the selfish order—love reversed—they naturally have a depressing or indolent effect on the body, and analysis (chemically or psycho-metrically) will prove that an indolent man has a selfish phase of some kind that controls him—whether self-generated or inher-ited. Indolence, therefore, stands for selfishness.

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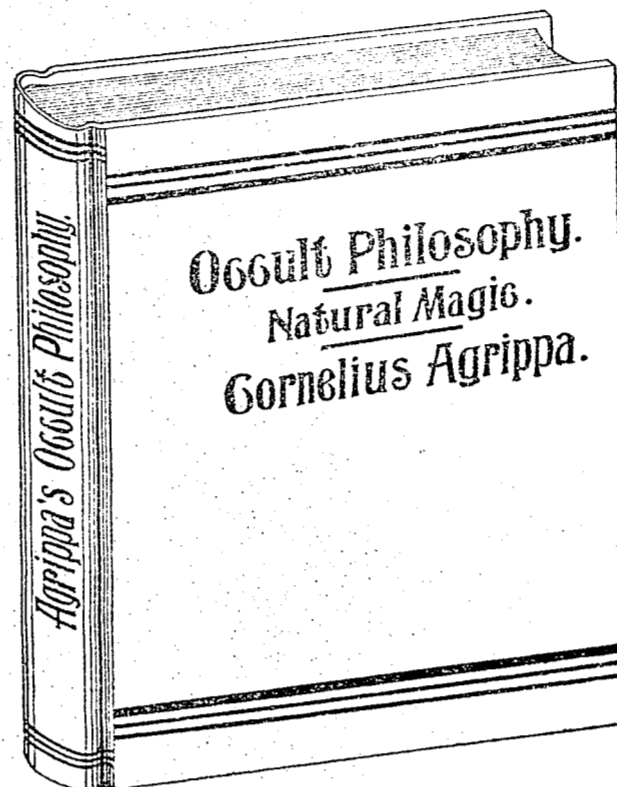
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